

# A HARVEST OF DEATH.

## Scenes of Desolation and Destruction Greet the Gray Dawn at Louisville.

### THOUSANDS SEEKING FOR THEIR LOVED ONES

### Dead and Dying Victims Recovered From Beneath the Burning Debris.

### FIVE HUNDRED DEAD AND FIFTEEN HUNDRED INJURED

#### SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.

LOUISVILLE, March 28.—At 5:30 o'clock last night the disaster came upon Louisville. The heavens were black as ink. There was a deep, awful, thrilling roar as the cyclone struck the southwestern portion of the city. Then the buildings crumbled like egg shells, and a broad swath of devastation was the result.

The path of the tornado was from Eighteenth and Maple streets northeasterly across the city, past Seventeenth street and Broadway, Sixteenth street and Chestnut, Twelfth and Jefferson, and thence to the Union depot at the foot of Seventh street. The most ruin was wrought among the large and substantial structures on Market and Main streets, and it seems as if the demon of the storm did his worst when just about to leave.

#### But a Moment's Work.

The whole thing was over in half a minute. People living outside the track of the storm were unaware that anything unusual had happened. But where the cyclone had swept there was utter destruction, ruin and death. Great buildings tumbled like toy houses. Churches, factories, warehouses went down like cardboard.

People fled in terror from their ruined homes. There were agonizing screams for help, surgeons were hastily summoned. Half a dozen fires broke out in as many different parts of the city. Meantime the cyclone departed as quickly as it came. The storm soon ceased. The moon came out and people thronged into the streets to learn the extent of the destruction. The most terrible rumors spread apace and unfortunately many of them were true.

#### Daylight Reveals Desolation.

The gray daylight this morning revealed a scene of desolation that is sickening to behold. No pen can describe it. To-night wreck and ruin have settled down in the city's very midst, and specters of the dead, whose funeral pyres are heaps of bricks and mortar, seem to rise up and enshroud in the awful halo of their presence the entire city.

The hands of brave rescuers continue their work, but as night comes on they seem to work more silently, though no less ardently, and take on the gruesome appearance of ghoul. As each remnant of the piles of wreckage is lifted it is with the anticipation of uncovering to view the lifeless form or the death straggle of a human victim of that awful storm.

#### Rescuing the Dying.

Perhaps the number of a buried man may start the rescuers and cause them to draw back against for a moment, but with traces of steel that have been almost to the hilt of their hands, and tenderly lift the unfortunate and carry him to an ambulance only to see him expire in the arms of a wife, a mother or a friend.

In the presence of such, even a whisper sounds so loud that the utterer hesitates, half expecting to see the dead arise in his eternal sleep. But there is no time to consider the dead, for the living may yet be buried beneath the mountains of debris, and with a sad look at the departing dead wagon they turn and delve again with renewed energy to the great mass in search of crushed and mangled humanity.

#### Darkness Aids to the Horror.

As night grows darker its work becomes more awful. Even the advantage of light and its fear-dissipating qualities are denied them, for all the electric wires were torn down by the storm and left there to be enshrouded in the deepest gloom. It grows so dark in the shadows of the crumbling walls that still stand a silent watch over the dead, that every object with the semblance of human form must be grasped to prove it is flesh and stone. Still the unflinching and strong-headed workers continue to dig in the merciless storm-made graves of the dead.

#### There is no estimating the number of those who lie buried in their track.

The people are still learning of missing members of their families, and mothers and fathers stand wildly gazing on the ruins and crying on the Almighty to deliver to them at least their dead.

#### Overwhelmed by the Disaster.

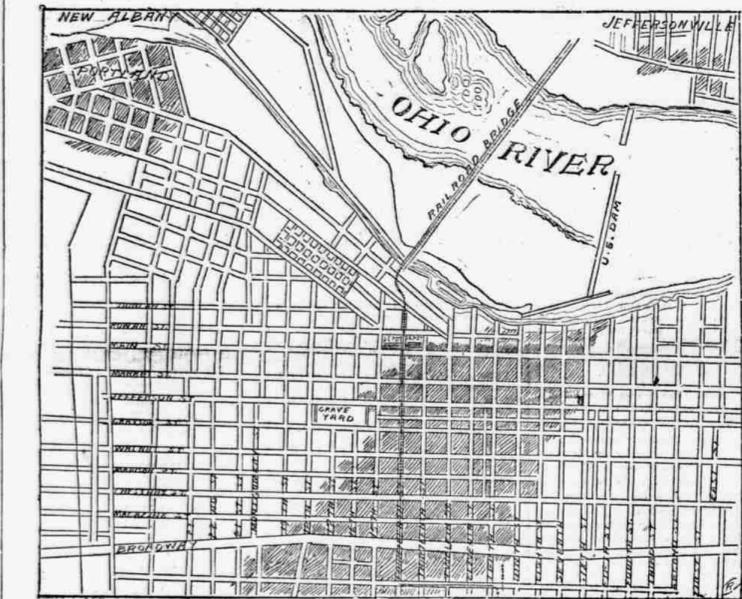
Hardened hearts move with deep sympathy, and idle men throw aside their coats and dive into the dirt and grime like veritable gophers. The streets are thronged with multitudes of people. They stand upon the corners with tear-dimmed eyes solemnly discussing the dreadful catastrophe, or move from one point of the wrecked district to another gazing at the scenes of ruin. There are at least 100 families homeless in the streets that were happy yesterday.

#### One poor woman between her half-stifled sobs told how that very evening her husband had paid to a building association the very last dollar they owed upon their house, and now all that remains is a con-

tinued mass of brick and mortar. That evening was perhaps the happiest and saddest in their lives. There are many other cases almost parallel to this.

#### Homeless and Penniless.

Not only was the house dashed to the ground, but the furniture in many instances is entirely destroyed. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods lay left right upon the business streets at the mercy of thieves. It now seems almost impossible to find stores for this vast amount of merchandise. At many places towering walls of brick are oscillating in the air.



THE CYCLONE'S PATH.

The Storm-Swept District of the City of Louisville is Shown in the Shaded Portion of the Map.

ready to descend at any moment. These points of danger are guarded by the police and a military company called the Louisville Legion, who drove the surging crowds back at the point of the bayonet.

#### Searching for Loved Ones.

At the entrance of the various "dead rooms" stand a breathless mob, clamoring for admittance, but invariably refused unless it be to identify some relative or friend. Occasionally, when one of these enters, a sound, half sob, in half-muffled shriek fills the outer doors.

Main street from Seventh to Twelfth is a ruin, so is Market for a corresponding distance. Jefferson from Tenth to Thirteenth, Walnut from Thirteenth to Fifteenth, Chestnut from Thirteenth to Seventeenth, Broadway in the neighborhood of Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets is filled with debris of destruction. Even at this hour it is impossible to give an accurate list of killed and wounded. It will take days to do that.

#### DEATH AT THE DANCE.

##### BURIED BENEATH THE WRECKED FALLS CITY HALL.

One Hundred and Fifty Persons, Full of Life and Happiness, Carried Down With the Ruins—The Long List of the Killed and Injured.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH. LOUISVILLE, March 28.—In Falls City Hall, on Market street, the destruction of life was terrible. As near as can be calculated 150 people were crushed to death in the ruins of that building. The two Masonic lodge meetings and a ball were in progress. The following is a partial list of the killed and wounded at the hall:

KILLED: Rev. Dr. S. E. Barwell, Jefferson and Eleventh.

Dudley Harwell, Jefferson and Eleventh.

Sister Mary Pius, Father Disney's Church, Seventeenth and Broadway.

Mrs. Mary McCormack, alley between Twelfth and Thirteenth, Walnut and Grayson.

Ben Schmitt, Sixteenth and Magazine.

William Deener, sixteenth near Magazine.

Robert Sullivan, Sixteenth and Magazine.

John Ellerick, Eighteenth and Maple.

James McCulline, Eighteenth and Maple.

Maggie McClure, laundry girl, Louisville Hotel.

Mary Ryan, laundry girl, Louisville Hotel.

Bridget Crow, laundry girl, Louisville Hotel.

Theresa Campbell, laundry girl, Louisville Hotel.

Mary McGinty, laundry girl, Louisville Hotel.

J. M. Hachway, Chicago.

John Raily, 21 years old, Sixteenth and Grayson streets.

William Sabrie, tailor, Chapel street, Bud Lusher, Ninth street, between Main and Market streets.

Walter Davis, Pleasant street.

Infant of Mrs. Austin, Walnut and Thirteenth streets.

Foreman Eagle Brass Foundry, 225 Eighth street.

Mrs. Joseph Niles, Portland avenue and Seventeenth.

Mrs. Mary Hason, Seventeenth and Lytle streets.

Tom Huff, Workways foundry.

Thaddeus Mason, Louisville.

Theodore Angermeyer, Twenty-third and West street.

J. H. McCollum, brickmaker, Thirteenth and Maple streets.

Mrs. Belle Leloff, Seventeenth and Lytle streets.

Mrs. Peterson, Nineteenth and Walnut streets.

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